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PERSONAL POEMS

By R. L. MÈGROZ

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TO MY MOTHER, THESE FIRST-FRUITS



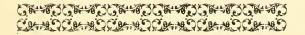


PERSONAL POEMS 30

R. L. MÈGROZ



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TO THE NEW WOMAN

IF Love be Love and not a custom stale
Whereby Man frigidly ordains to follow
The honoured woman with his plaint so hollow,
While she, like her ancestors, shrinking pale
At his designs emits a tearful wail
Of conquered weakness, thereon sweet conceding
All that he grossly prayed for in his pleading,
So but frail marriage on life's seas may sail:

If Love be not this, but be Love indeed,
Go wilder, Woman, in your transports, not
More cautious-careful of small things than Man—
Your Love is deeper, of as wide a span,
Then, with majestic gesture, all else forgot,
Quaff with your equal lover Love's rich meed!

CON AMORE

I

THE world must know your greatness, little Mother!

I will not have it so to be confined
That it should dwell but in the heart of my brother,
My sister's and mine own, and in our mind
Invoke respect tongue-tied, however just.
O, Heart! turn lyre within me! You are stirred
At her great contemplation, then you must
Shake into song, though be it as a bird
Whose artless iteration of his theme
Makes music without skill by virtue of
The cherished sweetness of the spring, his dream

Through bitter winter. Sing but of her love, Of her exceeding love, O Heart, then you May render somewhat of the debt her due.

II.

To find fit utterance for my love I never Need seek unknown, new truths to adumbrate, The music of my verse need not be clever, Your simple grandeur, dear, simply to state. Sincere, it can itself well justify If from the lips of Truth it but receive The warm, true things that do your worth imply, So from the common days one garland weave. What should I want with coloured phantasie To sing the brightness of your splendid soul? What storied deeds than yours could nobler be? By merit who more high on Honour's roll? You, who have laid your life a road for Duty, How need I clothe you in a borrowed beauty?

III.

If but my love were as my love should be And pen a fitting scribe unto my heart, Even then your praise I could not worthily In ringing rime chime forth! No earthly art Could frame the incommunicable worth That is all yours, purchased with many tears And patient bravery and happiness of earth Renounced to buy your children's future years. Then on the little mound your toil made good Against a merciless tide of circumstance

I'll stand, taking the breath of gratitude
To mind and heart, their power to enhance,
That I may reach the ear of future times
And hint my Mother's worth in these poor rimes!

IV.

There is not beauty enough in the whole world,
Could it be brought obedient to my will,
No hues of budding dawn, no colours furled
After rich sunset, in the West, dim, still;
No melodies of birds or brooks; no tunes
Which breezes wake among green leaves that lay
Upon some summer's breathing breast; no runes
Around a lonely lake, which ripples play,
Falling on quiet shores; nor voice of shimmering
ocean

Whose anger sleepeth. Nay, on all the earth There is no beauty stirring sweet emotion To paint, to sing, to monument thy worth: Nothing that can outbid in all of this My pain-fraught joy, feeling thy prideful kiss.

٧.

So great your love is, Mother, it may be
Nor held by words nor compassed by my rime.
It has assaulted battlemented Time
To keep your guardian spirit round me when
Danger affronted or but lay in lurk—
Danger of death in this mad war of men,
Dangers of life in that worse war, of work
And play, of shadow and light, quick tears, brief
joys:
9

You knew life's sweetness when you gave me birth And shared my infant bliss in Stingless toys, Alas! that since then joy has been in dearth And grief has loosed so many of those tears Which grew your faith and love beyond the years.

VI.

I have been exiled now* for two long years,
Known many dangers, many pleasant places,
I have been close to Death, just when he rears
With terrible intent, and gazed upon the faces
Of stricken comrades after his dread leap.
In eastern deserts I have worshipped beauty
Austerely still, where Death and Life do sleep,
And Home is a strange dream, and stranger "duty,"
Yet have your mother-hands reached out always
With some sweet draught for mem'ry; your pitying
Softened the couch of hardship; darkest days
Your brightest words did light who knew the sting
Of this cruel war most cruelly at heart.
Your love to sing then, what an angel's art!

VII.

Stern War has caused my life's frail barque to ride Some perilous seas of Death, made me warm friends With cold Privation, and like Dante's guide, Down doleful, dayless ways where this life ends, And deeds, desires are woven in hidden looms That pattern human fate, me has he led With hand relentless on my hand. 'Mid tombs

* Sept., 1917

My dragging and his careless feet did tread, Echoing fear about my heart, and then, With his contempt content my hand he freed To leave me breathing still the air of men On this sweet earth. Yet in my daily creed Shall be deep thanks to War that touched my eyes With sight to see in you my priceless prize.

VIII.

Return is sweet to one who hath been far
On pilgrimage or war's stern business, and
Hath oft at evening watched the evening star
Beckon to him beyond the desert sand,
Whispering of those green lands of memory's home
Fertile with bliss that was and is to be,
Until no more inconstantly to roam
With a sweet pain at heart then voweth he.
But doubly happy in my happiness
Am I who, to anticipate, made glad
Drear days of trial, and find each cheerful guess
So true I gained such glad days from such sad.
You are my home, and I find home confirm
The hopes most glad of my sad exile-term.

IX.

Yet in my verse if I with Love would wed Fair Truth, who stands with grave, unfaltering gaze Reading where late my labouring pen hath sped In halting periods o'er my checkered days, Let me not write so of the present joy Of my home-coming that one should infer A happiness complete, without alloy
Of my sad Knowledge, Wisdom's minister.
Do I not know the bitter tinge to life
Which Fate hath in your chaliced Mother-heart
Mixed with maternal sweetness—the sharp knife
That stabs your peace—the cloud that doth impart
A darkness to each day—a child's affliction
Bounding your every joy with stern restriction?

x.

True, true, it is, I know your suffering, dear,
And that my knowledge never can attain
To utter understanding, nor come near
With sympathy your heights of holy pain.
Yet to be comforted you'll not refuse,
Knowing your Mother's heart can mine relieve;
So take this comfort, that your son will use
The gifts you gave him, homage due to give
Unto your humble greatness—never pray
For richer boon than grace to sow these seeds
Of future fame, telling a later day
All the eternal splendour of your deeds.
Thus may I crown a life of little worth
With rich, meet praise of her who gave me birth.

XI.

These gifts you gave on God's behalf, I wonder How they come mine above all my deserving. My life's path cluttered is with many a blunder Nor Duty-guided in a course unswerving, As lies your own in beauteous symmetry

Behind, beyond the rise of the distant hill Where finds the daylight first all that of me Does make the man, your son—heart, mind and will. Then how must I with firm-held rein, with bit Drawn hard, hold in my spirited arrogance, The lust of youth—the usufruct of it, The power impetuous—seeking ever a chance To break away into loose license, when 'Tis needed so, to praise you, by my pen!

XII.

"The expense of spirit in a waste of shame"
The master-poet called this lust of men
Bursting its banks, but language hath no name,
Nature no image made for any pen
Meetly to clad in raiment visible
The awful glory of this dreadful thing
Which burns the green of heaven to seared hell,
Or makes life's lily-heart with love to ring;
Which dissipates the garnered wealth of ages
To drag proud man down low, whimpering, soiled,
Or turns the world to golden joy for wages
Adding increase to him who well hath toiled.
So grows my debt the more I pay you praise
And school my power which else a truant plays.

XIII.

O come to me, ye spirits of the air, Who subtly do infect with beauteous notions And gleaming thoughts and images so fair They wither in the hands of our emotions, Some poet hearts abandoned unto dreams,
That I may limn the loveliness of Sorrow,
Maternal Sorrow! Vaguely veiled, she seems
Sometimes, and all her glistening tears do borrow
Strange radiance to build a rainbow Joy:
Lo! there she stands, half-stooping, clad in grey,
Beside Life's blustering current, in sad employ,
While with bright sunshine-bursts the summer day
A regal splendour pours for a brief space
Upon the waters facing her sweet face.

XIV.

Seize hold, O Nature, on my wandering spirit
Till it has felt thy finest tendernesses,
Till it has known thy mother-heart, or near it
Has strayed and wound and bound thy lingering
tresses

About its darkling dreams; has felt the throbbing Of thy rich life, the stir of thy warm breasts Shaken with joy, or sorrow's broken sobbing When thou obey'st Life's vehement behests. Thus in the flower-bowered woods, the winter-fields, The amorous hills which press the weeping sky, The loving, murderous sea—all that this yields In mingled harvest of Life and Death that die—By turns in thy wild joy, thy passionate pain, My Mother's heart to mine may be made plain

XV.

You never can die, my Mother, for your soul Climbs ever up the ladder of the years,

But taking wings to reach its heavenly goal,
It shall one day discard its shroud of tears
And spring from some high rung which few do reach
Before deliverance from earth in death—
For few be they whose hopes, put into speech,
Like yours, were words born of an angel's breath.
Yet though you then dwell high in heaven, here
Must you still live within your children's lives,
Your starry influence from far come near,
A constant cause from which our good derives.
Living in ours, so by men understood,
Your life must sanstify our parenthood.

XVI.

When memory cons the pages of the past
To reckon up the total of your love,
And 'mid the gloom of days by grief o'ercast
Envisages your shining deeds—a dove
Each one, white-wingèd, that doth ever fly
Beyond those clouds of sorrow to the blue,
The blue eternal of the spirit's sky
Where lives the unsuspected soul in you:
When my love weighs itself against your own,
Or spreads its wings when yours it can descry
Beating the heights in sacrifice unknown,
And, thrilled all through, it sinks;—then nought
have I

Left unto me except to praise you, Sweet, And lift my spirit to kiss your humble feet.

XVII.

Mother! Toward you my gratitude now goes
As to a goddess of some ancient fane
Worshipped for fruitful blessings incense rose,
While the stone altar held the dove just slain
In simple, penitential sacrifice,
And the great congregation, humbled, bowed,
Acknowledged thus the wondrous gifts whose price
They could not pay but in surrender proud
To gratitude's humility. But you
Claim nothing slain in your cult, except
What I would less than value. All the true,
Enduring things in me have upward leapt,
In striving for your honour—so do I
In humble pride my voice lift heaven-high.

TO A CONTEMPORARY

I

POETS there be and sad philosophers
Who wander in dim woods of doubt and strife,
Tangled in undergrowth; whose thought with burs
Of matter is stuck o'er and, lost in life,
Sends out as a child crying in the night
Dread speculation like a boomerang,
Which flings back on its flinger. Their strained sight
Reaches the farthest stars, ears hear them clang,
And "Sense of the shuddering Emptiness?" they ask,
"Beyond those stars?"—"What else but Nothing,
sky

Through which worlds wheel and burn—an endless

Masque

Of Death the burning Universe?"—and "Why?" How shall one show that that dark velvet Space Curtains a glory of which the stars are rays?

II.

You are held blind by Time, you splendid poet, Who so can sing the passion and pity of life, And so can plumb the depths of Truth, nor know it, Because with phantom griefs you wage your strife. Time bands your spirit's wings in his embrace When you go wandering among the stars To catch a fleeting glimpse of Beauty's face And find the enclosing dark your vision mars. You watch suns bud and bloom to fire, and fade Into the ineluctable Night again, And, sad, your soul would sail where is no blade,

No tiniest blade of light; nor joy, nor pain— Over the surface of that awful gloom, The dread, dead desert-floor of your Time-built tomb.

III.

That prize of Tantalus—Gallipoli—We two both shared in England's effort there, And peering through the gates of Death did see Along the alleyways to Truth, even where The raddled ends of life are drawn together In reconcilement, men's divergent hopes Meeting like paths that hold a house at tether For goal to which each several way slow gropes. I once lay under the fierce paws of Death And waited a long moment for the end: A roar—a crash—a silence without breath, Then to wake living, next to my dead friend. But I had glimpse of being's circled whole And felt God's fingers closing round my soul.

IV.

"Here in the self which droops and dies and rots,"
This dust which turns to dust after its hour,
This body that shall bear green mould-dew spots,
Is all that we can know of Beauty's power?
Dust? Dust? Is dust that which your "dusty Time"
Lets fall upon Life's empty houses when
The tenant Beauty seeks another clime
And other flowers in the lives of men?
Dust scalds your eager eyes to veiling tears

Unless you see behind Time's shifting shadow Tracing the circled course of all the years, Cast by that Tree amid the heavenly meadow Where spirits meet to watch his dial draw The path of hearts in bondage to his law.

V.

Truly 'tis buried in the earth deep in the dark,
Truly there comes a moment when it dies,
This brain that kindled to the spirit's spark
During Man's seventy years once, twice or thrice.
Those myriad cells that make his body live,
They die: whence came their life?—What, when
two meet

Within the womb inspires the plan to give
Form to the flesh that grows so rosy sweet?
And if the rose drops in the waiting clay,
And if your poems, poet, are forgotten
In times to come; while day still feeds on day
To birth that Future by the Past begotten,—
Are not the flesh-cells, clay and withering rose,
Our days, our dreams, within One Mind that
knows?

VI.

Is there for mortal mind not evidence, Even for mortal mind sufficient proof, That we are one, all one, despite dull sense Which puts above the beggars kings aloof, Which stares upon the individual walls Parking men's lives apart and never knowing That, through the eyes for windows, kindred calls Are flashed from kindred souls, all lives one sowing? Thought flits from mind to mind too happily Not to know home in each; in human blood Run passions that, as leaves of one great tree, Sway all men risen from life's common mud. Probe mud: it is—one with us in this thing—A broken screen to spirit vibrating.

VII.

"Man's achieved Good"—"the Man-made God, abides"—

"Man's achieved Good"—dear poet, is that all
For which our planet ship the "Nothing" rides,
Careening on space in motion rhythmical?
Timeless Intelligence which holds wide Space,
Lit all the flaming stars with lazy ease,
Swings as a lamp Creation's kindled mass,
Slight hint of Whom comes as unbearable bliss
To puny human hearts,—have men, forsooth,
"Achieved" even That as furniture for life,
Ornament of their future, balm for their ruth—
"God," man-made prize as goal to all men's strife?
Or have men's souls been lenses to His Light,
Refracting poorly, rarely held aright?

VIII.

Is the jewel made by him who, digging, sights it? Does Truth derive its being from the wise, Mind inspired light the fire that lights it, Or birth the beauty it doth recognise?

How should this Beauty haunting all the world Live in those men who limn or sing her well, And Truth, by passing nations slow unfurled, Have become true when men the truth could tell? I think that thundering dawns burst over the sea And sundowns hymned the weary day to sleep, Stars quired to night and moons rose wondrously Ere the first man for beauty learned to weep. "Man's achieved good" is progress to the true, The vivid soul of matter burning through,

IX.

I stood upon the moonlit bridge to-night,
While under it the wimpling water flowed,
And only a bank of darkness rose to sight
Upon the earth, o'er which the young moon rode:
The moon, a slender slip of pale pure gold,
Floated across a gloomy wood's tree tops;
Stretched rays from gazing stars seemed then to hold
With angel fingers all the organ stops
Of the deep universe by Beauty stirred
To trembling music for the dawning moon,
Which suddenly became the sign, the word
Of the stars' wisdom and the waters' rune,
Of all the meaning love can show to me,
And consummation of my destiny.

X.

Last night I lay while figures came and went About the twilit porticoes of sleep. Under my pillow, tired spring unspent, Tick-tocked, tick-tocked a watch's fall and leap
Of rhythmic noise, tick-tocked, tick-tocked to
thought

Revolving round those silent porticoes
Where figures went and came.... But what I sought
Sleep kept within the secrecy she chose.
Then as I looked through my shut eyelids, I
Saw all worlds break, their atoms decompose
In silence. Distance opened like a sky,
And, as a Dawn from broken darkness grows,
In the whirling motion of all things took form
A Perfect Blossom from that spheric storm.

XI.

My hand upon this table,—mystery!

My hand upon this cloth of black and red;

That pale pink flesh, part of the shell of me,
Covering that pattern made in some man's head!

Most curious pattern, that can thought enthrall:
Acanthus leaves, blood-red, from blackness start,
There strange red lilies smear the gloomy pall
With vivid pain of a death-trampled heart.
O hand of mine, twin brother of this which writes,
You are less real than he who made this cloth!
Soul, looking from these earthly windows, sights
The housewalls and firm ground, yet knows that
both

Housewalls and solid ground are thought unstable Of mind which sees my hand upon this table.

Behold my candle's yellow flame. It sheds
A lambent lustre on the unwrit page,
Wavering, like watchful glance of one who dreads
A sought-for knowledge, fearing Fate's cold rage.
It flushes the blue dark with tawdry gold
And veils the glimmering solitude of night
Which blossoms as a flower—fold on fold
Agleam with dew of stars aflame with light.
Tired of the noise, the coloured flags unfurled,
Quitting this dance of amorous lives and death,
Men wander to the doorways of the world
To feed their spirit with some freshening breath,
But hold a petty creed above their eyes
Before the flaming glory of the skies!

XIII.

"Too beautiful for mortal eyes," is Beauty.
Your strong verse speaks the utter truth in that,
But mortal eyes can scan not even Duty,
Habited to darkness, blinded like the bat;
Before the flash of his flaming sword they blink,
And mortal self must stay uncomprehending,
Unless in mortal mind God's Mind may think,
Glow, sparklike—burst to flame maybe, till rending
Our veiling dream, this shadow of His Thought,
Sharp apprehensions shaft the darkness through,
And then we know earth's glories, Beauty-wrought,
Flower out of spirit, as that bloom of blue
Above is but the deep made visible,
And the heart sings, freed from the nightmare hell.

What is this self "unguessed, untold," which you Would seek along the body's lanes to find, Watching your flesh, a shadow of the true, To follow busy blood-cells, creep behind The brain's reduplicated gates of grey Pash,—which with great air of mystery open out On intersecting paths whose tortuous way Runs mazelike here and there? They lose in doubt The troubled wanderer, who might see the plan By looking down on it, just standing higher A moment only over where he ran With futile energy so hard to tire. Climb out of matter, would you know the soul, Which walks through flesh yet sees the Truth. its goal.

XV.

Unhappy moment when the soul awakes
From transient sleep long past the break of day
In life's long pilgrimage, and sadly takes
Again its interrupted upward way!
Unhappy is the soul when noonday glares
To find new stains unseen while in the dark,
To rout afresh old sins from new-found lairs
And blow again the partly dimmèd spark;
To sigh for sins whose smallness is a shome
When memory shows them mirrored as itself,
Itself all soiled with petty or great blame—
Worth stolen out of life, now traitor's pelf.
But happy soul, if lustful still for light,
Whom sin defeats but cannot keep from fight!

Lost are the joys that with the spring were born.

Now in rich summer's cloak the spring-sewn seams
Lie bare already like a garment worn
By Poverty. Grass in the sun's quick beams
Shows wan as a strong man's first few grey hairs;
The sturdy oak is shorn of his first strength;
The tender beech doth weep her golden tears
That Winter cold must her disrobe at length.
O beating Heart! 'twill come also to thee.
Then shalt thou reap the harvest fruit of life:
Seeds sown and grown in Time's rich womb shall be
The autumn harvest of thy peace or strife.
And when the Winter comes? Oh, then I'll sing,
Despite cold Death, I'll sing for the Death-born
Spring!

XVII.

Why so much courage to such little use?
This high resolve sublime and pitiful
To face the dreadful doom you still would choose
Should front you Man, who call yourself the fool,
A plaything for Unknown Powers to cast
Now on the pricks of pain, now into sweet joy,
That they may watch you gesture to the Vast
Or raise a reef of mind in their employ.
So smiles the stone-eyed Sphinx of human thought,
Drunk with the terrible joy of pain endured,
Gazing across a desert distance fraught
With the advancing darkness, nightward lured
Still by the luminous grey eyes of Death,
While sunset prays to Beauty with bated breath

XVIII.

Held in the blinding bonds of Time and Space Treading the mazing ways of mortal error, Man long has faltered in his endless race For joy that turns to pain, beauty to terror. He will not have Truth's grand simplicity, Where life is love of woman, child and friend, Sky, sun and earth, stars and the swinging sea Conspiring to a long appointed end. It is too simple for his lusts, which seek To break into resisting innocence, Delighting in despoiling of the meek, Delighting in the heats of hungry sense, Whose gain is empty loss when it is won And avid Death what it doth press upon.

XIX.

O miserable Man, who knows the Truth,
Denies the good to keep an evil creed,
And kills his happiness to crown his ruth,
Turning from joy to rut in lustful greed!
Who strips the smiling land where tender hopes
Of the soul's springtime fledge with promising green
Life's laboured field, which ever upward slopes
From this warm vale to where the stars careen
Against the spirit's mountains! Miserable Man!
To cling to error with tenacity,
And shout for help to do what do you can
When your self-fettered soul you will set free
What dreadful fall want you of soul-manna,
Agony-fraught spirit-Niagara?

Men know the truth, though often they disclaim it, Replete with gleaming symbols lies all life, Beauty and Love, though human action shame it, Blend in one Figure shining through the strife. Some see Spring's fingers tremulous unfold The Summer's garment from the wintry bole; A little girl asleep, sun-aureoled, Opens the frosted leaves of many a soul. To one this life becomes a burning glory, And God incarnate, in a woman's eyes, While she will read His spiritual story In her quick body's passionate surprise. And wise men watch, when day no longer mars The glister of innumerable stars.

XXI.

Green leafage lit with evening's radiant gold Which showers down and blazes in the grass And runs like fi e along a silent wold [pass. Where the last lark psalms praise, the last rooks Lone, home-bound shepherd shepherding to the pen The lingerers of his flock who, silly sheep, Protest their liberty to turn again [dows creep From sheltering care... Lo! how strange sha-About the open hills now Day sinks low Under the looming globe, which lifts up high To halt her gentle retinue as they go Cloud-fleecy down the lanes of sleepy sky. Not vain—if some wild dreamer from the world Stand with his soul in cloudy colour furled.

As I behold the pageantry of life,
The gorgeous gladness of the summer's cloak,
I hardly can believe that pain is rife
For human sin under that battle smoke!
Yet see I laughter in the little rills
Gold-flashing in between the gold-starred grass,
Then come grey clouds and breezy shuddering chills
Which shake the grass and waters while they pass.
I stand beside the singing summer sea,
It hymns of love in tender monotone,
I go—and come again—it lashes me
With spray, and passion-stung, bellowing billows
moan.

As Nature's calm brings storm, Man's altar fire, Tear-soaked, makes smoke that holds his new desire. XXIII.

After the labouring roads with dust dull white Like gathered sweat upon the tired Day's brow, Enchanting arbour-garden for cool Night Then nearing,—with sal joy I hear thee now, As from the throat of Nature, with her breath, Telling how rich unheeding Man is dowered! From the blue speedwells soft asleep beneath Tall tulips drenched in gold the sun had showered, The voice of colour came; while palely sweet Your orchard blooms with scent surcharged the air: Big Nature measured not how much were meet To scatter as that bloody summer's share Of fruitful largesse! 'Tis to Man alone A close-hugged, greed-born poverty is known.

XXIV.

O curious maze of days we cannot see
But one by one, linking each unto each,
As roads now straight, now winding wearily,
That rush down dale, now to new hilltops reach:
That cut athwart some thickly cumbered wood
Where trees upgrown from seeds of deeds once done
With blossom lighten memoried solitude
Or with rank leafage mock the quickening sun;
That run round darling lanes banked high with
Or loiter lovingly to hear sweet birds [flowers,
Sing in the plot endeared, until grey showers
Hiss from impatient Fate his whipping words.
O diverse train of wonderful swift life,
O running days, lead on to further strife!

XXV.

O Life, hand me your all consuming hand,
And shock this sluggish flesh with swift impact
Of power tremendous, as through the thick land
Darts the wild lightning from a sky fire-racked!
I must not fear you, Life, although you slay,
Yea slay all things to reach your destined goal:
Let carth burst into fire and drift away,
Over the vapour hovers my lone soul.
I will not fear you, Life, though you be Death,
What you do kill could never in me endure;
If flesh be strangled, still the spirit's breath
Blows into the soul's lungs remotely pure,
Come ill, come good, come joy, come sin and shame,
To feed the soul's aspiring central flame!

XXVI.

How do I know it? Nay, how should one know
An art to put into this little vessel
Of thin-gilt verse the endless ocean-flow
Of Truth which, in a never-ending wrestle,
Storming with fluctuant tides upgathered high
(Blown on by God and urgent to immerse
The rocky crudeness of Man's thought) doth try
Strength with the hard boundaries of our universe.
Truth! break these gates of day and night and day
In the close walls of mortal mind firm set:
We only know the savour of the sea spray
While the great gale disturbs us strangely, yet
Our souls hear deep storm voices surge behind
This sibilant whisper of the wild sea wind.

XXVII.

You God, vast Mystery of Mysteries
Man's wisdom cannot know, dare not deny,
Heart beating in those mighty ecstacies
That throb from star to star, from sky to sky,
Mind breathing into its huge spaciousness
And then outbreathing these great winds that go
Across the heavens, heaving into stress
The broken surface of Man's life below,
Among the ruins of our tumbled toys
Tread with disturbing foot this little world,
To leave consoling promise of your joys
Where man at man hate's missile madly hurled:
Let the bright Future's veil be now withdrawn,
And sound the blazing clarions of the Dawn.

TO NATURE

I.

O NATURE, mistress wonderfully fair
To stir in us such rapturous delight!
A man may lay his heavy head of care
Against your restful breast, and in the bright
Sky-depths of your deep eyes his soul may swim
To uttermost ecstasy; within your arms
In passionate content, relaxed each limb,
Lay easeful in the spell of powerful charms.
Your love is good, or fierce and dangerous—
Athene's, Circe's, too—all things to all,
Granting each lover's wish, conceding us
Lust's desired hells or heavens ineffable.
Your perilous freedom out of our desires
Forms rutting beasts and new angelic choirs.

II.

Lured by mutations of such winsome grace,
Eager to search this life unlocked to me,
I slide into your emulous embrace
Which quells most strong desire with satiety.
Fresh wonders ere the present can grow cold
You show to birth-awakened mind and flesh,
Meeting new wants with new gifts manifold
To lift me or in low desires enmesh.
But in your arms, O Nature, on your breast
Which swells beneath me, chiming with mine own,
I raise these eyes drawn to some farther quest
Not in this bed so many men have known,

And ask if by this love I cease to grow—If Antony loved Cleopatra so.

III.

Surely I wrong you! I who have sailed your ocean And heard the heart of the big ship palpitate—Go redly through the blue night, with quick motion Beat up against your resonant breast, whose hate Clenching in whirting force, could down have cast It like a toy smashed on the uncushioned floor Of the shrunk seas: but over the tall mast Your shadowing bosom leaned, your calm face wore Pity, which gleamed in the dimmed stars, and the sea

Murmured a wondrous lullaby which rose
Then fell with variant-voiced antiphony,
While danger dogged us only from men foes.
And we, war bound, hurried, flurrying the pale
foam,

From the dear land you gave us for our home.

TO A CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST

I.

"The things we see and touch and take delight To hold, caress, break and remake again Are vanities, wraiths of the starless night That roofs the darkling kingdom of Man's pain, Where Fear and Hope are ministers of that King, Poor Mortal Mind, who with the Heart, his Queen, Strive to control the surging winds which swing Through life's wide boughs, rending the summer's green."

Fair Teacher! thric: I've sat and hearkened thee.
Ah, wherefore tell me this with rich ripe lips
Like luscious fruit, and eyes that stir in me
Dim passionate dream of trembling finger-tips
Touching thy body's breasts and sides and limbs?
While to King Mind Queen Heart of thee still
hymns?

II.

How should it be that all the goodly earth,
The tumbling cornucopia of our life,
The pleasant things we value, have no worth,
Like wine and velvet, lover, love or wife,
And songs and colours? If our being crave
Toys earth abounds in much as man can need,
Why not, as earth that foaming seas do lave,
Bend thirsting lips to this life's joyous meed?
Matter is spirit blooming into view:
Why may we not, as bees from flower to flower,
Suck from life's sweetness essence of the true,
And build from birth to death the lasting dower
Of soul undying?—Good gives joy to me,
For joy was never sin, how should it be?

ODE TO LOVE

Ī.

THE Universe a tingling Woman is
Whose starry breast-points burn with Thy hot
flame

The while she trembles at God's effluent kiss
In raptures vast weak Time could never tame.
In His close arms of ether, with no shame
But lovely joy, obeying His behest,
She presses, when He speaks Her mystic Name,
Her throbbing stars against His ether breast,
And in Her yielding self with His deep love is blest.

II.

The breath of God on Life's strings lyrical,
Earth's angel, song, and sun and moon Thou art!
The sun of birth, angel to lift the pall
Of Death between two souls no more to part—
A song of holy joy in Life's sad heart—
Moon-radiance making Truth and Beauty blend—
The crooning mother's wisdom—sages' chart
To knowledge—light of poets—shining end
Of poignant paths where Christ's 'neath others'
crosses bend!

III.

The formless soul of Beauty, filling space
And piercing silence with a golden song—
To us a haunting, half-remembered face
Seen in a dim, far dream—a spirit gong
To stir up Right to fight and conquer Wrong—

A light to make Heaven's door clear crystalline
To mortal sight—Truth's only fluent tongue—
One in Man's sky-illuninating trine
Of Duty, Thought, and Thec whose beams round all
entwine!

IV.

Thou art to Man a splendour-lending light,
A rosy sundawn on Life's pallid sea—
Daybeam in tear-drops shining diamond bright;
Starbeam on night-dews glistening wistfully
When the imperial moon they may not see:
As light gives birth to colour Thou dost make
All beauty, beauty only lives in Thee,
The moonlight on the lily-ridden lake
That sheds a silvern glimmer wher: all was hollow
black.

V.

Thy music rolls around the Universe
From star to star upon its sonorous way,
And overflowing its harmonious ccurse
Makes waves of melody melt through our day
Till listening sundawn's every blushing ray
Proclaims Thy presence, and the sunset skies,
Conscious of night, blush at Thy meaning lay:
Till waiting Earth feels her rich womb to rise
With stirring life and yearns through countless
flowery eyes:

VI.

Till Ocean musically moans Thy song

And heaves more high his bosom's tidal neap,

Still for his pale Love aching;—far along
The throats of all his hollow caves a deep
Vast yearning sobs, while silver nets of sleep
And dreams she weaves around him; for the moon
Thy harpist is, whose slim, white fingers keep
Old Ocean's heart-strings tremblingly in tune,
Crying, moaning, murmuring Thine eternal rune:

VII.

Until in maiden hearts Thy tones wake joy
With startling echoes, and a pleading smooth
Leases those ruby halls for the employ
Of Thine orchestral music, soon in sooth
Along the conduit kiss of a singing youth
To mingle in new harmony more dear:
Or trembling down old wells of tainted Truth
And ringing in Mammon's palaces like Fear,
Those ever-growing tones sting the gross world's
ear:

VIII.

They shake with swift vibrations to the pen
Of poets thrilled, whose words are sparks of fire
On the dry rot of Thought—a Dante then
Flames on the world, a Shelley sings his ire
Till others, after, to his dreams aspire.
Oft like a spirit blizzard, stern I ween,
Can come Thy tones, from an aërial lyre
Falling like snowflakes in the soul's demesne
To make it mirror Heaven, a cleans'd Magdalene!

O mystic Power, when falling silver spires
Of melody wok? Swedenborg to sight
Of heavenly realms and hymning spirit choirs—
In that quiet hour when Dawn has coffined Night
And the frail soul-flower feels not yet the blight
Of the day's length, fresh still with dewy peace,
(As he relates) was not each singing sprite
Thy votary? Angelic ecstasies,
What else but Thy heart's throb through paradisal
leas?

х.

Dread angel, whose swift feet with flame are shod,
Whose flashing sword it is points every seer
The burning path into the heart of God
And blinds them all with glory as they near
The spirit's goal, that when it totters here
Drunk with celestial light, they cannot speak
Of more than wondrous loss and holy fear,
Filled with a silent strength, mighty and meek,
Like the obedient stars that sing the joy we seek;

XI.

O beat Thy wings above my spirit's wings
And through the plumes stir tremors of new life,
As shudder an eagle's pinions ere it springs
From a cliff-edge to meet the windy strife
Over the seas' wild wastes when storms are rife,
That, as an eagle to the western flame
Which cleaves the dull clouds like a golden knife,

My soul may soar from out the shades of shame To realms like sunlit mist, all radiant with Thy name.

XII.

"Dread angel"—oh, a gentle angel, too,
The smiling angel of the humbly pure,
Like a lone daystar glimmering in the blue
Thy white dove-wings soar in the soul's azure,
And gleam and flash and gleam a distant lure
To the crushed spirit, and feathers lily-white,
Like petals falling on the heart endure
The strokes of Fate with a soft cloak of light—
O tame my proud heart, Love, to feel Thy gentle
might!

XIII.

An angel gentle as the soft sunbeams
That trickle through still foliage some quiet eve,
Kissing a babe's small face, who, sleeping, seems
As aureoled by Heaven, while they weave
A halo in his hair! If God conceive
A thought that flowers into a beauteous Christ,
Thine are the hands such beauty to achieve,
And Thine the voice His message bids us list—
'Twixt Earth and Heaven Thou appointest each
sweet tryst.

XIV.

This world a little dewdrop seems to be On its fair sunflower in the parks of GodIt hangs on a beam-petal separately
And drinks from Thee, O Love, the rays of good.
Be Thou its sun! as through the teeming sod
O shine through human souls! Cloak with Springgreen

Life's bleakest tundras where cold Lust has trod With freezing steps; shine where Thou art not seen—

On states and human laws, and wrangling religion's din!

XV.

Shine on the gold-dust in Life's lily-heart,
And grow the tender seeds of flowers to be
Most fair of all those fair flowers yet to start
From Time's wide fields and human husbandry.
Be Thou a light through Lust's dark density—
A pillar of fire that casts night-dazzling beams
On God-ward groping, tired Humanity,
And shed on each raised face Thy heavenly dreams!
Light in Life's crystalled cave, O spear the gloom with gleams!

XVI.

Burn through Man's self-made Economic Law,
Dissolve with piercing beams those walls of ice
That shelter Mammon—melt with rays that draw
Warmth from the holy torch of sacrifice
The frozen ramparts of men's selfishness,
That fruitful deeds—even as a glacier flows,
Melting, along the vale with warm surprise—
Beneath Thy light may come from human snows,
So the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose!

ODE TO THE RIVER THAMES

Often have I seen thee
Oflowing, flowing stream,
Where the hill-slopes wean thee
From thy crystal dream,
And where the city's smoking blurs the bright day
beam.

I love thy higher reaches
Where the rushes grow,
And the willow pleaches
Swaying boughs so low
They make thy diamond emerald though rosy sunset
glow.

(When the raindrops glisten, Glisten, glisten there, In thy diamond basin Flashing so fair, The cmerald sparkles, sparkles in the rain-washed air!)

From those lovelier stretches
In a sun-gold cup,
Each winged fairy fetches
Fabric to build up
Dark towns' rainbow arch and dew for town flowers
to sup!

There the heavens' night-glister On thy pureness shines, And as if 't had kissed her
Thy trenulous wave pines
For the star-maid casting silvery love-beam lines.

There green meadows kiss thee
With their Spring-fresh flowers
(Just when we most miss thee
In oppressed hours
In the city's squalor where reigning Mammon
lowers).

What wonder now approachest
Thou in thy patient course?
Thou c. aselessly reproachest
Thoughts travelling to thy source
With lipping ripples whispering: "these banks restrain my force,

"But 'mid the sea I go to
Freedom shall I find;
In its depths I'll know, too,
The secret undefined,
Born at my birth so all life's span for it I've pircd:

"Secret of my growing,
Flowing to the sea;
I'll lose this fret of knowing
Part, in infinity,
And, (of the sea) I'll swell the source of streams to
be."

Many a silver morning
I've watched thy quivering breast
Ere the sun with dawning
Waked thee from thy rest—
In sleep still wert thou going, flowing on thy quest.

In the night-fogs hiding
Often thee I've seen
Like a serpent sliding
(For the bronzen sheen
Glimmering by the bridges told of thee I ween!)

Oft have I seen shining
Royally on thy breast
Sunlit rubies lining
Rich thine opal vest,
Which 'neath the clouds did shimmer with such
proud wealth dressed.

Sometimes thou art muddy,
Ugly, cold and poor,
Then no gold nor ruddy
Sunbeams on thee pour,
But shivering dost thou creep along thine oozy floor

And where thy broad back broadens
Wordly burdens grow,
Past Mammon's looming wardens,
Wharves, lighters, dost thou go
With strength more strong than burdens on thy seancaring flow.

Purposefully flowing
Onward to the sea,
What Fortune's winds are blowing
Mattereth not to thee,
Even as my spirit cares not for earth-born cares of
me!

Now is summer waning,
Fast cold winter nears,
The setting sun is draining,
And it leaves dark fears,
Light from yon skies where Sorrow's clouds are full
with tears.

When on the sea's live bosom
This night has sunk to sleep,
Where foam-bells palely blossom
From the gloomy deep,
I would that I were with thee to see the wan moon
peep

From yon dark cloud veiling
Now her sweet white face!
Oh, would I were sailing
With gathering pace
On thy swirling waters, in my soul's long race.

ODE TO LIFE

O Life, Life, Life, how wonderful thou art!

I long to hug thy heart
And pierce into the very womb of Thee—
Down by the sunlit sea
Where summer winds intone
Soft murmuring runes of love, and then make moan
'Mid passion's clamant storms
That rage the angry waves to straining, famished
forms!

O fierce, unfathomed Life!
Thus rage Thy ceaseless human tempests, rife
With human hearts' keen cries
Rising to cleave the Arcanum of the skies.

Ah, though I search Thee by the changeless sea That singest so like Thee, With myriad songs blent in one monotone Of change, of change alone; And though I search Thee on the teeming shore, I cannot find Thy core.

Ever unreached are sunset's golden gates, The spring-birds with their mates Sing of a mystic thing I cannot see, Nor mind can know to be: The poet feels it when From deep within his heart it pulses to his pen!

TO MY LADY

When souls upon their pathless tract through time Like fiery suns have burnt the space between And sucked the dark up in their depths, and seen The light of each in each but more sublime, As night-dreams mirror days, and Love's low chime Comes from their blending music through the screen Of muffling pride—then must the heart's springgreen

Flush warm with flower and fruit ere winter's rime.

So unto thee, proud Lady, I will say,
Hearing thy soul's dear harmony with mine,
And with my heart thy heart in piteous strife
Striving to beat, though pride would have it pine—
Quiet patience bids me care not for thy "Nay!"
And Death can take not seeds Love gives to Life.

Yet sith thou art the pure love of my soul,
Pale light of lonely dreams,
As through a grey night break the white moonbeams

On each bare winter bole—

Though I may never sip
From out the ruby chalice of thy heart
More than the spirit's part,
Nor ope the rose-bud's leaves with Love's warm lip,

Still back to Time's sea shall the wave-like years Fall from this flame in me

45

Cold as the stars, that is my love for thee, My love which knows no fears.

(The music of my heart into her ears
Go gentle song and sing,
And kiss her dream-seen eyes and to them bring,
For love, some few slow tears.)

TO A PROUD LADY

I.

FOR many days I gazed into dense night, Standing upon a gloom-girt isle of thought, Close clung the pall-like, death-cold dark, and naught

Was there but love-lorn silence—like a blight Gnawing the world to voidness in my sight. Ah, then I heard the music my ears sought, And, far, it seemed, a gleaming Soul's wings caught And flashed forth my soul's light with its own light.

I sprung from off my ledge of life to catch
Thy fleeting splendour, as a thief some jewel:
My fierce heart's want would wing me near to snatch
Thee mine I, fool-like, thought. And now thy wings
Soar from this blinded clod who, sinking, sings
His love to hurtling time that echoes "Fool!"

H.

Dear! when I saw thy sweet face that sad day— A passing glimpse—thou would'st not speak to me— Mine eyes met thine: as far down some deep sea I saw thy soul's depths stir beneath the play
Of flickering, surface sunshine that o'erlay
The stillness. From my heart pain-mingled glee
Uprose, like sea moon-tide, and swelled t'ward
thee,

And to my heart "'tis She!" my soul did say.

If thus our star-routes through th'enveloping night Passed from the dark to shining nearness, o'er The gulf should I not stretch my love's swift light And strive to blend our burning suns in one Flame, fiercest seen since circling time hath run, And call me thine, thee mine, for evermore?

III.

But mine thou art while still my love for thee Glows and grows white-flamed in my soul and nigher

Than thee, through thee, to God-love doth aspirc—
To Love divine which swings the stars and sea
And lifts weak Man with God-like purity.
Thou canst not kill love freed of flesh desire:
This love outlives my life, lit with a fire
More strong than passionate body-throes can be.

Yet should our kindred souls rush each to each
Still in their earthly tenement of clay,
How would my love then catch my passion's spark,
How would I heart-hot kisses shower to teach
Thee fierce earth-love, that earthly, heaven-born
day!

How crush thee to me 'mid night's nuptial dark!

THE ONE NAME

To-NIGHT when lay the moonlight on the heath
And all the wistful stars shone goldenly
As Memory's happiest days and Heart's to be,
I wandered where lone waters purled beneath
Trees gaunt and tall and still. Shadows like Death
Stalked darkly from them on the moon-kissed
stream

And silver grass. The moon then sent a beam Of swifter radiance, soft as Love's own breath. It touched my brow, and with new light did shinc Even the shadows. A low whispered word, As the sedge wakes from silence the wind's rune, Stirred my soul's chords into a consonant tune With the moon's silent music which I heard. The word was but a name—the name was Thine.

UNATTAINED

What tragic peace broods over this dim wood! Brown, broken bracken, dead pine-needles lie On the scarred ground, under an evening sky Which lights these tree-stumps (symbols sad and crude!)

With the calm gaze that has not understood. How tragically sounds the sweet love-cry Of yonder cuckoo; or these doves who try To utter joy of love and motherhood!

The light drains life-like from the drooping west. Into the empty Sea—O far away After the beaconing stars, after a quest Which leaves Earth lonely, Earth's warm lover,
Day
Has fled, and left me, too, with aching breast

Has fled, and left me, too, with aching breas. Empty of Her I have not seen nor may.

THE REPLY OF LOVE

OH dost thou ask me how it is I know
That thou art beautiful beyond compare,
Not having scen thee, and how I should dare
Swear to thy soul's angelic beauty so,
Who have but seen thy thoughts, as lilies grow
Out of the bosom of the lake to air,
Or from a young Spring's cloak, too whitely fair,
On the writ page of white like virgin snow?

Lady of my soul's love, I answer thee.
True love ne'er errs but knows the truth it feels,
It sees the rainbow arc and knows the whole
And perfect circle of its twin-born soul.
Such love through me when heart droops wearily
Soft as the moonrise after sundown steals.

LOVE'S HOPE

I.

WHEN I remember you have smiled at me, That there has been a day which brought you close, Desirable and close, when Love was free To win accomplishment (to pluck the rose That blossoms in the arbor of your soul), Unhampered by inhibitive time and space Which watch my happiness to get their toll, Charging me with the cost of wasted days:
Then buckled Courage drops his sword to ground
As captain of my hopes demoralised,
Who are undone, Despair with one fell bound
Scattering those little thoughts which him despised.
Yet glad am I thuswise my soul to sever,
Of joy to love you vainly, but for ever.

II.

Truly I am afraid of Hope henceforth,
The prize it grasps at making me too bold.
Love long-time-blooming fears the lowering north,
Fears the late summer's kiss it may not hold.
For when fair promise whispers in mine ear,
Words as rose-petals falling on a lawn
Drop on my listening soul, bringing too near
What lies so far beyond this night—the dawn.
Then as a mountain under a bright star
Lifts into the night till it is dim with dew,
My heavy spirit, seeing your image far,
Strains at these fleshly moorings after you.
But since from the sweet earth it may not rise,
Calls to the star to come down, loving-wise!

LOVE'S WONDER

WHEN I do sit and watch my Love's grey eyes Calm-gazing like her cold North Sea at home, The while she watches with strange beauty wise For those far things for which my soul doth roam, Truly I am bewildered, fain I would Someway seize hold of all her beauty hints, Read the mysterious meanings that do brood
About her presence, changeful as sea-tints
Which dim the vision. Then desire's stretched hands
Clasp hungrily for proof her body sweet—
Token of treasure left in dream-seen lands
Unreachable to these world-weary feet.
But while my arms do hold her, in my mind
Shimmers a beauty distant, undefined.

BY THE NORTH SEA

O GREY North Sea, loved well by one I love, Sing on, sing low, now you do smile awhile Under the sunlight of your sky—above Grey-blue, and golden at the rim. So smile The message of my heart into her eyes When next she wanders pensive by these sands, For she will know all that your song implies And guess the busy purport of your hands, Those following waves—now gentle, often fierce, But instinct ever with Life's so strange caress: Then speak to her roughly, too, grey sea, and pierce Her shrinking soul with all the storm and stress That lurks in passion—speak it all to her, The joy, the terror my love must incur.

CONSUMMATION

When from my doting heart my Love doth rise Like sunlit mist to my mind's heavenly blue, Till shimmers her soul like distant, dawn-white dew To show me luring light to far emprise; Or, as yet bare Spring-boughs that purfle the skies, Her wind-blown hair trails promise 'cross my view;
Quick Fancy then begins to build a new
Fair nuptial chamber for Love's hungry eyes:—
Red-lily sheets, rose-pillows, star-filled night,
With silver murmurings of tinkling streams—
'Tis built of haunting sound, heart-snaring sight—
Ah, then her soul in mine lights fairer gleams,
I see a love-bower lovelier than Love's dreams,
Deep in God's heart of everlasting light!

THE ETERNAL ANTONY

O WHERE are you, the Woman I desire
More than long life and peaceful happiness,
More than all quiet pleasures without stress,
More than the kempt sweet home and altar fire
Of wifely love that shines and would not tire,
Though all the griefs Despair could ever guess
Pour tears like rain upon it without cess,
But through the bitter murk would shoot the higher?

Yea, with red pain I'ld buy your terrible bliss! Stab with mad passion now my life's half-sleep, In one embrace the past and future steep: I'ld hold the lily of your love, though this With fiery beauty flame too fast to keep, And screened in fumes of ruin, we kiss, we kiss.

CHAOS

I DREAMED a dream of awe I scarce recall, For now in Reason's light it fast doth fade; The figure of Chaos, casting baneful shade Stood on the universe, tenebrous, tall, And for his garment, Night's most sable pall. Drunk light his eyes so deep such gloom they made They dared with death-doom God, while He forbade But could not save His worlds from lawless thrall.

I saw God prostrate, with dewed, anguished brow; I saw the battered shape of Space; and Time Struck down; and worlds break free, below, above. Then from the silent ruin (I hear it now) I heard a lover's cry rise high, sublime, And Chaos cowered at a maid's eyes lit with love!

ADONIS TO VENUS

HITHER and thither you move with slender grace
Of Lenten lilies swayed in April air,
Above the witchery of your saintly face
And arch uplifting of your brows, your hair,
A burning cluster, is like a marigold
Steeped in the glinting dews of summer morn!
Your eyes confirm you—innocent, or bold—
Votary of Love's Ideal, or all forsworn!
Ah, but your neck, curving and creamy, presses
Against my captured eyes with strong allure,
As syren-breasts which push through clinging
tresses

Signal Life's mariner to be Love's wooer.

Smile not with those rich lips lest I should know

How hot with avid lust you quiver, you glow!

DESERT-FRUIT

END of the short last mile together. Lo!
Traced on the chart of Time our ways divide,
Outwards and up, leaving an angle wide
Of phantom-peopled land, where memories go
Seeking lost days with lonely steps and slow.
Between your road and mine they have no guide
Except two stars, at morn and eventide,
Two hearts that may not meet, but gleam, but glow.

If nights are very dark, Dear, Fate too cold
To wean the bud to blossom of this flower
Which Love unworldy-wise plants in the mould
Of suddenly-quickened lives one swift, warm hour,
We'll lighten gloom, transmute all grief to gold
In soul-fire enkindled with Love's power

SOUL AND BODY

LOVE, if I sigh for thy warm body's wealth,
And follow with my eyes most hungrily
Thy body's curves, so that with thievish stealth
My gaze doth take more than its warranty;
If in thine eyes I see my passion's spark,
And'tween those rounded hills, thy hips and breasts,
Dream all Love's land doth lie in tingling dark,
And that we two must go there as Love's guests:
Do not, my Sweet, believe thy body's soul
Is not more precious to me than thy limbs,
For still o'er thee I see Love's gloriole
Though love of thy dear body stir Love's hymns,
And if thy limbs draw me with fierce desire,
Thy soul the brand was to my body's fire.

SUNBEAMS

ALONG the hollow vault we call the night,
Past other children of the Sun-Mother and Sire,
The sunbeams born from realms of splendent fire
Join Earth to the womb which gives it life and light
With long, umbilic cords of gold, so bright
They seem to tingle like a tight-strung wire
Across the frame of Space—a quivering lyre
To sing God's song of Life's great radiant might!

I sometimes wonder if a human heart
When warm it glows with thought love-lit, divine,
Is one of many spheres that play their part
To intercept Heaven's rays (else far too fine
For this gross world of meat and selfish mart)
Ere past they go and quench in night their shine.

SYMPATHY

My friend, my friend, I did not know such light Could come from Friendship's eyes, until I saw In thine thy dumb heart flutter into sight To speak its voiceless pain, until the awe Thrilling from holy things had thrilled through me Kneeling before the altar of thy grief: For left there by the breath of sympathy, As autumn wind may lay an autumn leaf On some deserted path, my spirit, stilled From worldly noise awhile, worshipped in thine As in a fane with organ music filled, And heard the tones moan from thy pure heart's shrine.

But our hearts' joys and griefs, until the end Of this life's music mingle now, my friend!

SUNLIT WOODLAND

Good God, how beautiful the woodland is!
The wondrous, holy harmony doth stun
My senses—as a babe but just begun
To quench his thirsting sight with earth's bright bliss
My raptured eyes must nothing lose of this:
For where the wood's green cloak is rent the sun
With golden glory flames the grass, and dun
Dead leaves are waked with heaven's life-giving
kiss.

Now down the vistas where the thick boughs nod Light's straggling, piercing tributaries stream, Shining bright patches on the distant sod—Oh, I do see the Truth as in a dream!

Man's darkling glories glowing when the gleam Breaks through them of the radiance of God!

MAMMON REX

THE pulse of mighty Mammon's throbbing heart Reverberates here in this his sanctuary;
On desk and ledger now his wondrous key
Opening the treasures of a world-wide mart
Is wrought by minions chained to their art
With little, clinging golden fetters! See
Those linking, glinting disks to tills fast flee,
Then issue thence that they may play their part!

'Mid Mammon's million-aislèd Temple's stone This Bank, within wide London's seething core, Is but one shrine; this City is the Throne. Hark now, and hear, as through yon belching door Slow streams of murmuring hearts for ever pour, A sad, sweet Love's gold-suffocated moan.

TO W. B. YEATS

GREAT bard of old-time loves which time out-last,

Dream-heavy seer of scenes we all too blind With light see not! Thy mystic, torchlike mind Flares weird on fen-wastes of poor Ireland's past,

Where over lone, moonlit meres strange shapes are cast,

And airy hosts sigh in the wailing wind,

Passions flame like the dawn-dews, and pale maids bind

With tress of gold kings' hearts and wake war's blast.

As from night's womb new, death-pale moons emerge,

Awhile thy glimmering soul from silence turns, Thy voice, like stilled, dead, wind-stirred leaves' brief dirge,

Sings—then our fay-lorn, garish day it spurns, And, quiet, wings thy soul to where it yearns— Strange, dream-built realms past thought's bewildered verge.

THE LONGEST DAY

The world, clad in its misty cloak of grey,
Careens on billowy gloom of space-born night,
But unto it is harnessed Time, whose flight
Circles the shining source of life's relay;
In obeisance it leans until that brightest day,
When backward it shrinks as dazzled with the sight,
Yet sunward yearns once more to seek fresh light—
Sips from life's ocean, will—less reels away.
So Man; with ever God-aspiring soul
Mounts high, on wave-crests of life's surging flow,
Steep walls, unto the roof of Space and Time;
Then peering past the cope beholds the whole
Eternity, clear hears Truth's clarion chime
Ere swift regorging sense-waves suck him low.

AN EGYPTIAN SUNSET

Through the sun in fierce love-passage lies
The West hot-blushing ... Now a fresh, white star
Leaps through the blue. Now the slim moon, alone,
Swings shining upward like a scimitar.
Thick purple twilight folds the evening rose.
The Sphinx stares eastward, dumb. The night-wind blows.

Birds cry round three black triangles of stone.

HOME SERVICE (MAY 1918)

THE wood is breathing slowly—all the trees Listlessly sway, while through the lazy air Rising or falling, drifting everywhere, Comes now a murmur as of herded bees Floating on white may-blossom's billowy seas. Over the crackling bracken, from its lair Trips sleepily the unfrightened yellow hare. Even ants among the spiny moss take case.

Because I am in England, not in France?

Because the duty that once took me out

Returned me ere mad Death had snapped my

lance?

For in the Ravaged Land I do not doubt
That Death has gone all mad in his wild dance—
Death—or else Man—whose is that maniac shout?

PRAYER IN BATTLE

IF I should live, to Life may I be true!

When, Death departed, on the sunlit grass

Of happy home no more I can feel pass

Even his sweeping shadow, and of rue

My soul is clear as cloudless heaven's blue,

When from the slime of Despond once won free
I can look back, unmenaced, just to see

Life's conquered ground—all dead the doubts I knew.

If I should live for this, oh, may my feet Make for the white vision of my darkest days, Then, as a virgin to the Virgin prays, From that high Spirit with Whom I have comnumed,

Catch His least breath, my soul, of wisdom sweet, And throb to Life's music like a harp well-tuned!

QUIETUDE

TRUDGE and trudge and trudge Along the road my feet, The worn road winding gradually Where sky and moorland meet.

Murmurs the wind: "Hush, hush! In sweet antiphony Between your crunching steps the birds Do sing unceasingly."

My beating heart and feet Feel that this grass which girds The pine-copse, if I lie me down, Will speak some quiet words. . .

"Tired feet and hammering heart, Turn from the moulded frown Upon the senseless countenance Of Man—a savage clown!" . . .

Behind those dove-grey clouds A giant sun reclines, And a cuckoo calling on the wing Goes into the sheltering pines. What have you done, O Man! What is this dire mischance, That slaughterous savagery holds sway In the wise land of France?

The flowering grass has eyes
By the light of this waning day
To look at me from its deep ease
With simple faith, and say:

"From the turbulence of pain, From warring policies, Is a stepping off the road of self To the fastnesses of peace."

SOLDIER'S FAITH

From holy soil we rise,
To sink like ripened corn,
And sadly proud our women's eyes
Gaze out of hearts forlorn.

Field-sweeping winds do pass
O'er England, and like all
The lifted blades of sunny grass,
We who arose do fall.

The quiet rivers flow
To England's circling seas,
As we, pursuing, though more slow,
Immutable destinies.

We die to-day, or kill
And die to-morrow, while
At the foul feast of horrors still
War gloats with baneful smile.

Summer works like a bee Her harvest fruits to bring Unto our Country's lap, and we, We rage like devils, fling

Ourselves arm-locked with foes
Over Death's yawning brink—
A clogging evil with them goes
Out of the world, we think.

We do believe it true—

We do not die in vain—

Sure, God will with this bitter dew

Grow a rose of joy from pain!

The world shall spring up clean From the blood of our sacrifice, For we believe that we have seen A Light 'mid the gloom of lies.

Our faith shall justify
Our fault, if we be wrong—
Hark! the fields where the dead men do lie
Ring with the skylark's song!

SONG: THE LEAVE TRAIN

On your rollicking wheels
Whirl round the bend,
While nearer yet steals
My journey's end:
Speed me good train
Back home again!

Past the rushing meadows,
Past the flying trees,
From the Land of Shadows
To that of Heart's Ease,
Speed me, good train,
Back home again.

Other towns behind you,
Other houses leave,
Speed, let nothing bind you,
No fair sights you deceive:
Speed me good train
Back home again.

To one goal only hurry,
Old Mother waits and fears,
And my heart is in a flurry
To kiss away her tears:
So speed me good train
Back home again!

TO THE MOTHERS OF MEN

Were such gift mine to give this Christmas Day, Sad Mothers! happiness I fain would give This day of joy when joy scarce shines one ray On you who in the shade of grief must live. Yet be you happy in a higher sense, Since Time against your souls is as a wave Against a rock, since God's bright excellence Shines through the uplifted hearts in you still brave. Now you do stand as angels in our sight, High on the height of meek, heroic deeds! Grief's shadow shall not blind you to the light That crowns the heaven-kissed hilltops, though the seeds

Of long-sown pain spring in this vale of days, For up to God's heart mount your lives' hard ways.

THE RETURN

It fronts me like a mocking mirage-play!
Time, drop that curtain which I bade you raise
When I uncovered to my casual gaze
Dusty and dear possessions: their own day
Were dead for ever though I bade it stay.
Assail me not with your ironic praise
And strange reproaches that would live always,
O crowding memories—Hide your heads away!

Go to; let me not call you up to stir A soul which, like a lone hill-lifted pine, Shakes at its lonely knowledge. Come not to bruise A heart to numbness hurt. Let me inter The unburied Past. Deny the countersign Next time your dreadful presence I do choose!

AFTER

The chords of all the sorrowful centuries close With the vast diapason of these weeks*
And shrapnel-mangled men's piercing wild shrieks Like ghastly clarions herald fresh woes on woes.

Humanity's sharp soul-cry higher grows, Now women's hearts do break and children's cheeks With famine whiten. Yet to Man STILL speaks The voice of Love which from a Cross once rose.

Now o'er loud lamentation Honour's song Soars swiftly (Man springs God-ward winged by pain)

And Peace—not pillowed on yielding indolence, But stern with spirit victories over Wrong— Shines as a rainbow on the storm-cloud dense. The quiet Nazarene spake not in vain.

SONNET† TO THE PRUSSIAN MILITARY

HAIL, Blood and Iron Conquerors forsworn! Yea, take your title, Conquerors! and feel Pride swell at having stamped your dastard heel * Christmas, 1914.

† Written Sept., 1914

Upon a little nation who could scorn
To sell to you, you of all honour shorn,
Their honourable freedom. Make appeal
To Might—till at the shock of Right you reel,
And by eternal laws are overborne.

Take brief, brute joy. Burn. Murder woman and child.

Now foully insult men who fought, who fell
To hold their homes against your ramping hordes.
The whole World's conscience can be reconciled
No more to peace, O servile dupes of Hell,
Till maniac Might is ringed with glittering swords.

SUNSET ON HAMPSTEAD HEATH

The sun behind a barrier steep of grey
Sinks down the west, his glance a lambent rim
Lends to you toppling clouds; the east is dim
With paling glamours of the dying day;
But lower, o'er the hill, no one may say
Where is such trace of the departed light,
So swift comes close the dark, dawn-chasèd night,
There where the clouds collect in cold relay.

And 'mid the circumanbient gloom there lies The blind, Titantic City. Endless rows Of houses, streets and marts breed wild surmise To what huge depths that sea of life now goes, Whither the mingling stream of death outflows, And if some dawn shall light all to our eyes.

WOODS IN WARTIME

S HADOW and quietude of twilight falls.

A thrush's voice throws music through the air.

A distant cuckoo in the pine-wood calls.

Two crooning stock-doves shake the thicket there.

A sharp pine odour drifts between the trees,

Wafted as incense by the arch-priest Night

From Day's gold censer. Evening on her knees

Makes low oblation, and the garnered light

From fresh-gleaned hours is offered unto Time

The never-satisfied. Our life is such!

These trees that stand and wonder—the dead boles—

The broken bracken—me—Nature's dread clutch

Grips all in us except the essential souls,

Which stream from a same source, fed by a sky

Beyond this beauty and these lives that die.

THE SOLDIER'S LOT

SOLDIERS, and pieces in a game of chess,
Played by the hand of an appointed one
Who handles our dumb fates (for so do run
The great game's rules)—we know all weariness:
In heart, in body tired, with wishful guess
While Action marches to the voice of many a gun,
Death beckons stern, bright Life sinks like the sun,
Build we a restful home for Happiness.

For lack of matter using dearest dream, In our rich poverty, build we in vain, If out of the battered ground we pluck fresh flowers, Forge divine deeds in burning hate and pain, And kindle with the vision that is ours Man's future beauty—fairer than men deem?

COMPENSATION

Lonely I walked in company of Care,
Whose heavy gesture took in with slow sweep
His grey dominion, held in nightmare sleep:—
A sky cloud-stifled till no breath was there
To stir the dead leaves in the woodland, where,
Tear-like, the rain-drops dripped from leaf to leaf.
A roadside runnel sobbed mine own heart's grief;
The fields lay prostrate in one dull despair.

Then lo! near by a sudden bustle—noise
Of spells ending—flutter of little wings—
A brown speck soaring and a cataract of song,
A deluge of music care-free as the joys
Thronging the hearts of angels strange to wrong,
Whose wisdom is to know the songs God sings.

'TWIXT EGYPT AND SINAI

MOONLESS the night is now, vague with white mist—

Nought but the gleam of the topmost stars
And the pale halo from a searchlight far off
Revealing Earth's identity.

The Canal, indistinguishable from its grey banks, Breaks on them into the low sound of ripples. . . .

In the grey darkness yonder lies Sinai, silent— The ancient witness of History....

Sudden there comes a song—softened over the water,

With full swinging rhythm, from young men's throats,

But burdened with longings unappeased, hopes unspoken:

"Old Killarney's Lakes and Fells."
The song subsides into the heavy stillness,
Yet trembling echoes thrill my soul.

Australians—men from the ægis of the Southern Cross, On reverend Sinai Singing of Ireland's beauty, Hinting Australia's....

What is the heart of this mystery
Evanescent, imminent, haunting the atmosphere,
Troubling the shadowy pool of memory,
Conjuring the ghosts of old desires, of still-born
thought?

A VIOLIN SOLO

What sweetness pierces from thy melody
Like a white flame through thought,
Or like, O violin, wild music brought
From spirit realms by thee,
Till fluttering up my soul on spirit wind is caught!

Caught far from the world's wiles
To peaceful distant isles
Where birds wing that for peaceful sunset pine,
For never voice I heard
Of tree or singing bird
Could trance me into happiness like thine.

Not sweet-toned Philomel,

The still wood's chorister,

Whose cadent waves that swell and swell

Make all the darkness stir.

Nor trees that on calm eves
Sing to those angels bright
Who loiter gleaning 'mid the leaves
Where slants the gold sunlight.

O now the soothing tune
Is as a low wind's rune
Among the sedges by a river's flow,
Thy music as a stream
Purls softly through a dream
With wealth of mellow cadence slow and low:

Those notes are flowers of sleep, They drop large poppies pale Deep in my soul and still more deep Till all my senses fail:

They wing me far in dreams
Of stars of swooning night,
Of silent moons that fling pale beams
On silvery seas of light;

Of whispering meteor's fall
Through yawning voids of Time,
Of gloom-girt, blood-red lilies tall
Dewed with a death-white rime.

Faster past me now the music floats
In a swift delirous strain,
Faster pelt the liquid notes,
Tinkling like a silver rain
Into golden flowers.
Now the slowly dwindling showers
Sudden—as from a wind-stirred tree
Whose boughs are clouds—fall all round me,
Clear notes without allow
Building a radiant rainbow arc of Joy!
Now the melodic rain
Falters as if with pain,
Falters and fails—and I am left once more
Outside Heaven's closèd door.

LOVE'S ROSES

AH, you have cast among the white, red roses!
From your beloved hands upon my life
They rained their sudden joy. No day now closes,
No flower-filled night grows stars not with them
rife.

REJOICING

THE lonely poet loved those flowers Which dance a shimmering saraband, Like bright slave-maidens, to the Powers Of Light and Air in this dear land: He loved them most in solitude To dower with joy his quiet mood.

O I will give my loved flowers,
The pansy, violet and rose,
All shining under sudden showers
Or where cool woodland moss thick grows:
My gift be they to hearts less rich,
Brightly their solitude to bewitch!

For what care I what I may lose
Of jealous Nature's shining store,
My thoughts do go in ones and twos
Like homing birds her form before:
They flutter near her darkling face
And figure wandering in dream-space.

I ask no flowers, nor dream-loves— Strange, pale princesses wrought of dreams, Sweetly unconscious—while She roves So weirdly beautiful! As moonbeams In solemn forests, ever She Slips radiant through the depths of me!

A FANCY

Before I lay
My head in sleep
O Poesie,
A little song
Is all I pray,
A song to keep
Alone for me.
So go you reap
In fields of sleep,
From night, from day,
One flower of song,
One song for me,
Before I lay
My head in sleep....

Thanks unto thee Sweet Poesie!

LEAVES

O TREES,
I love ye, weeping autumn trees,
Low-whispering trees,
Sad trees!

When to lingering summer winter's clinging, I love your tired leaves winging To earth, singing!

O leaves! what sceret are ye keeping,
From me leaping
And weeping,
Then sleeping on the worn-out ground?
Down my sad heart ye do rebound
With cerie sound.

SANS MERCI

MY throbbing body longs in hungry love for you, Its forceful longing sends my soul in stony places, Wandering on a grey mountain wet with heavy dew, Searching in desolate realms, searching the phantom faces.

Do you, alone sometimes, hear the wind come grieving,

The burden of its song sadder than dying hope, Sinking in silence at your little feet and leaving Blinded, withered leaves there to grope and grope?

Do you see my thoughts, my hopeless thoughts of you,

As they fall about your feet, Woman who lightly left Like a bird my silenced life, though pitying 'tis true, Do you know how my soul still wanders, because of you bereft,

Wanders on a grey mountain wet with heavy dew?

THE INNER LIGHT

Lost in dusk of hopeless days

Dark with Sorrow's clouded sky,

Alone he groped for the goal of life,

Low and high.

Searching paths of the distant past, Weary wandered his steps back, To seek in vales of his youth for what Life did lack.

But as dreams from reach of thought So, receding, mocked his stride Those phantom valleys where no hope Doth abide.

Restless, Death's dark cave he found—
"Life's grey day to Death's starred night"
He thought; paused in the antre, full
In Death's sight:

In the hollow cycs of Death

Looked—saw but his own soul—
Looked, and saw—far within—
Life's true goal!

A MOOD

What whispers Eve's pale star? What speak these gentle trees? Ah, in a silvern car Over you sphere-pearled seas, Through the deeply glimmcring sky, Past your bars, hindering Night, To fresh heavens of light Winging afar would I fly!

This secret of Being
Too far for my sight,
How without seeing
Dost know it O Night?

Though the secret o'erwhelm me As thou the dead day, Laughing stars will not tell me, Trees will not say.

RAGE

CURSE you, calm sea— Blue under the blue— Fair, debonair— Smiling at me.

Hungry with passion unfed
I stare
At you
Lazily rolling in the arms of the blue.

You are like the woman I want, In her bed.

LOOSENS leaf by leaf beauty of winc-red roses, Sheath upon fresh sheath unwraps the glowing red, The burning, purple heart of passion now uncloses, And we know the soul-perfume ere the flower of love be dead.

The mystery, the grievous glory, oh, the pain
Of Joy dream-beautiful and swift, too swift to hold,
What memories of your presence to me must come
again

Laden with wealth ungrasped, with lure of runnoured gold!

Hence is the dark alight, the night a blossoming flower,

Piercing with poignant sweetness the sorrowful heart of regret,

Because your body and lips, love-given for one swift hour,

Haunt me and hunt me henceforth, caught in a dream-woven net.

Because we fled together, together fled we afar, From the touch of jealous Time, with a flawless jewel of joy,

With one hour Love made immortal, our hearts shall bear the scar

Of the stolen fire which Time can reach not nor destroy.

Of a hungry heart the feeder, wish you how much you give,

Giving Love's living bread and the wine of passionate song,

When you blossom in my desert to bid me rise and live

And sing the dawn-born glory of Love who knows no wrong?

O Sweet, (do you know how sweet?) your fragrant womanhood

Lavishing Love's bloom upon my bowêd head From the glamorous glare of the world for my soul is a sheltering hood,

And a star to starless night each burning word you said.

The wine-red roses droop, loosen and fall and burn, Their vivid petals kindle dark life that yet reposes Asleep on the breast of Time—oh, I see the future turn,

Troubled, to this present aglow with your wine-red roses!

THE EGOIST'S LAMENT

AIMLESSLY life seems to beat Through and round me, dragging slow, Dragging slow the slothful hours While that sea, whose tired feet Up and down the beaches go, Marks life's graveward drifting powers. Once I was too glad to sit
Still like this while Time strolled by,
Now the grey waves edged with white
In timely sequence, sunset-lit,
Fall and gather, and the sky
Watches me watching for the night.

I am too tired of chasing dreams
To wish to wander when I can
Sit down by the sea and wonder
How much is real of all that seems,
How far I climbed, where once I ran,
Halting, between truth and blunder.

I sought the One, the Woman who—
Than wondrous dream more wonderful,—
Could herself thrillingly pervade
My roused life with the one, true,
Eternal radiance, and pull
My good out as a drawn sword blade. . . .

Lo! All the beauty in the sky,
Mysteriously whispering wind
Across this vibrant ocean-lyre—
All wavers, like dim dreams which try
To hold a mirror to the mind
In sleep, when Truth is a wild fire:

A wild fire on a sleeping moor
Under the brooding bosom of
Some night who wears her jewel stars—

A wild fire, and a flaming lure Some glowing moments—like this love Which lights my heart but leaves black sears.

So do I find all beauty pain,
And this sea's music and this wind
Whose fingers wake it; the half-light
Remaking beauty again, again,
With spirit of mystery in my mind,—
Do hurt me; and the cloquent night

Bears down my soul with language wise, With too much wisdom: scarred, this heart Dreads and yet longs for scarching dawn... The wild fire burns, the calm night-skies Seem calmer while it flares, apart From Love's death-agony outdrawn.

What do the stars care if this Love—
The Love my youth once dreamed of—breaks
With sudden lightning on my life,
Flooding the merciless radiance of
Love's understanding, which remakes
Each act of weakness in the strife?

Selfish in my search, I've won
Love of women far too good
For me the still unsatisfied,
Who, importunate upon
Their sacrifice, yet never could
Give up this heart whole, undenied.

Life now is as a tired bird
Fluttering to earth. I do not try
Any more to follow dreams:
I will accept Fate's any word,
Take any token from the sky,
Drift on Time's strongest streams.

Oh, doubtless are women kind, who will Pity again this self for all He might have been...look in these eyes Whose well-veiled misery sometimes, still, Flashes and strives to pierce the wall Of the dull world to dream-known skies.

A PRAYER

How shall I write if I have not the power To see beyond the boundaries of the hour? Ho w shall I know if I know truth or not Unless in love steeped, free of every spot Of ancient stain my heart is like a lyre Æolian to the spirit's breath—a fire Of flaming passion so to penctrate The heavy dullness of this weight of hate Clouding the light-ensphered earth that I May as a gleaming plane break out so high Into the golden radiance of truth I never can be made blind again in ruth, 'Mid Man-made glooms of earth, when I come down To fight life's sorrowful battle?—Set thy crown, O Love! upon my life that I may be Worthy the majesty of birth in thee!

PRISONED

"A GLORIOUS day?" Yes—see
The sunlight bathing yonder grimy wall
And shedding its bright glee
So near to me!
How fine—for those who can obey the fine day's calt.

A glorious day, I wis,
I or, lo, a sunbeam on my ledger now
Drops a bright kiss
And whispers what we miss
In City office shut, which "glorious" days endow!

Oh! from the dusty office
To the smallt coppice
Would I fly!
And like the lark upspringing,
Go singing, singing, singing
In the sky!

TO A MOTH

BEAUTIFUL moth,
Comest for light
Here?
Speckling the cloth
So in my sight
Near!
Foolish to dare
Dangers unknown!
Fly!

Nay—thou art fair—
I, all alone,
Sigh
For loveliness,
Then, being safe,
Stay!
Hast happiness
For which I chafe?—
Say!
Beauty for me
Foretellest so?—
Fine—
Like Her I see
Dreaming, and know
Mine?

A SONG

IF I and Love conspire

To get your kisses,
And He, by my desire,
Put His warm blisses
Into your budding breast
And in your red flower-heart,
How shall you play the part,
How shall you play the part
Of marble-hearted Dian, refusing me the rest
Of your soft breast,
Of your soft breast?

SPRING-SONG

MY heart, I've lost you!
Passion's tost you
To the fect of a sweet maid.
Oh, may that maiden
Taken you, laden
Heart, up soft from where you're laid!

ENVOL TO PASSION

THAT I loved you well, can you doubt it ever? You, whom I love not well enough, You whom my dreams do now dissever From the heart that followed you over the rough And smooth paths, after in dubious ways Of nights and days.

You never doubted I loved you truly
Dear! or those rose-red leaves of love
Had never upon my heart unruly
Have dropped from your blessing hands above,
Nor this cold breast had burned on your breast
Till sleep's sweet rest!

Though it beat once with you in swift pleasure (Heart unto heart) and the stars' pulse heard, I now can reckon up the measure Of this love, which fails like a weary bird, Whose drooping pinions fall behind, While it circles, blind.

ARABIAN SONGS

I.

THEN were we
Twin as the two eyes in a single face,
Or the awakened wings of a startled bird....
Now my heart bows at thy low-spoken word
O Memory!
O sweet, dead days!
What blame to whom that you have passed away?
What blame to my Love's eyes, closed now in sleep
for aye!

II. O MY heart Have you not For your part Vowed a lot As to what Certes you Also would (Did I) do? If I could (Overspent, Having wood In vain) repent, You'd have rent-Since 'twas vain-Love in twain, And have sent Scorn to her!

I long since
Did repent—
You the same?
You who wince
At her name?—
Perjurer!

WHY?

The Mother

Of my blind friend is dead.

Dead—killed—an accident, they say.

Oh, Why?

Why should the sword of Fate fall on HIS head,

No other?

"Another,

Another Fate," we cry,

When like tired children dear ones cease to play

And go back to their old Earth-Mother

Dead.

We would forget that from the self-same clay

We would forget that from the self-same clay Where they are buried Fate fashioned us, and so assail Heaven with our "Why?"

I seem to hear all hearts long withcrèd
Weep mournful wellaway—
Sad hearts that cry for joys giv'n to another:
To silent skies they cry,

Till with the days' and nights' death-silence they

Soon smother

In peaceful sleep their worn hearts' painwrung "Why?"

TO A PANSY

As my eyes drink thee sweet flower I am chained by Beauty's power, Lost, I in thy velvet deep Wander where the fairies sleep, Find the mystic land astray Of the high-road of our day—In deep dewy dells of bliss Where the Earth and Heaven kiss, Where the rose red-blushes still At the nightingale's love-trill, When his song shakes all the leaves, Trembles, see, as it bereaves All her fragrant heart in sighs, Wafting incense to the skies.

Now I'm in black cypress bowers, Now 'mid silvery moonlight-showers Shedding radiance calm and cool On the lilies on a pool.

Now by marmaring hemlock stems, Where the purple flag-flower hems Some low-tinkling rivulet Trickling pass sky-patches set There of nodding blue-bells bright,
While upon the stones, moss-dight,
Sit and laugh the tiny fays.
With coloured water-drops each plays,
Threading gleaming jewels upon
Gossamer threads just spider-spun.

Here within a lonely dell
Where the yellow asphodel
So makes the shining Goddess' bed
With sheets of glowing colour spread
That when Aurora's kiss falls soft
From her silvern car aloft
It irridesces to the sight
Like Elyseum's dazzling light!

Now I reach thy golden core— At thy rich thalamic door Hear the beating of God's heart Where the bees find honied mart, Where the spaceless universe Centres in life's self-made hearse: There my soul dissolves in thine And I'm that for which men pine.

Megroz: Personal Poems

ERRATA

- P. 9. Sonnet V. Insert as third line, It has o'erwhelmed the wide, disparting sea.
- P. 27. XXI, third line, for fie read fire.
- P. 71. Sixth line from foot, for allow read allow
- P. 84. In Spring Song, for taken read take.









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